

## Caucasian and Express.

APPEAL FOR SOUTHERN SURVIVORS.

From the National Intelligencer:  
Give to the stricken, comfort poor  
The sons that find no home,  
For, cannot find a place of rest,  
Give, methinks, a grove, green and bright,  
That may be a resting-place for them,  
Baptizing blossoms with tears  
Of your love, O, give, and their tears!

Mother who grieves, weeping, sad,  
And bending over their caskets dead,  
With a tear upon her cheek, say,  
"I sent my sons to fight for me,  
To defend my country, and now they lie  
Upon my bosom, cold and dead."

The widow's mournful wail is heard;  
Her broken heart is pained beyond,  
Bathed in tears, she comes more pale,  
With a tear upon her cheek, say,

"I sent my sons to fight for me,  
To defend my country, and now they lie  
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Some like us, in quiet, know not  
Our eyes grow bright, some failed death  
Gave unto us, many a happy once;

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